Goe get me incke and paper, hyre post horse,
I will not stay in *Mantua* to night.
Balt: Pardon me Sir, I will not leaue you thus,
Your lookes are dangerous and full of feare:
I dare not, nor I will not leaue you yet,
Rom: Doo as I bid thee, get me incke and paper,
And hyre those horse: stay not I say.

Exit Balthasar.

Well *Iuliet*, I will lye with thee to night.
Lets see for meanes. As I doo remember
Here dwells a Pothecarie whom oft I noted
As I past by, whose needie shop is stufft
With beggerly accounts of emptie boxes:
And in the same an *Aligarta* hangs,
Olde endes of packthred, and cakes of Roses,
Are thinly strewed to make vp a show.
Him as I noted, thus with my selfe I thought:
And if a man should need a poyson now,
(Whose present sale is death in *Mantua*)
Here he might buy it. This thought of mine
Did but forerunne my need: and here about he dwels.
Being Holiday the Beggers shop is shut.
What ho Apothecarie, come forth I say.

Enter Apothecarie.

Apo: VVho calls, what would you sir?
Rom: Heeres twentie duckates,
Giue me a dram of some such speeding geere,
As will dispatch the wearie takers life,
As suddenly as powder being fierd
From forth a Cannons mouth.
Apo: Such drugs I haue I must of force confesse,
But yet the law is death to those that sell them.

Rom:

Rom: Art thou so bare and full of pouertie,
And doost thou feare to violate the Law?
The Lavv is not thy frend, nor the Lawes frend,
And therefore make no conscience of the law:
Vpon thy backe hangs ragged Miserie,
And starued Famine dwelleth in thy cheekes.
Apo: My pouertie but not my will consents,
Rom: I pay thy pouertie, but not thy will.
Apo: Hold take you this, and put it in anie liquid thing
you will, and it will serue had you the liues of twenty men.
Rom: Hold, take this gold, worse poyson to mens soules
Than this which thou hast giuen me. Goe hye thee hence,
Goe buy the cloathes, and get thee into flesh.
Come cordiall and not poyson, goe with mee
To *Iuliets* Graue: for there must I vse thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter Frier Iohn.

Iohn: VVhat Frier *Laurence*, Brother, ho?
Laur: This same should be the voyce of Frier *Iohn*.
VVhat newes from *Mantua*, what will *Romeo* come?
Iohn: Going to seeke a barefoote Brother out,
One of our order to associate mee,
Here in this Cittie visiting the sick,
VVhereas the infectious pestilence remaind:
And being by the Searchers of the Towne
Found and examinde, we were both shut vp.
Laur: VVho bare my letters then to *Romeo*?
Iohn: I haue them still, and here they are.
Laur: Now by my holy Order,
The letters were not nice, but of great weight.
Goe get thee hence, and get me presently